THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 30, 1809.

Description of Sydney Town, the Capital of the English Colonies, in New South Wales.

[Translated from the New Work of M. Peron, the Naturalist, who accompanied the Voyage of Discovery, made by order of Bonaparte, in the Southern Hemisphere, between 1800 and 1804.*]

IT was on the 27th of June, in the evening, says M. Peron, that our vessel arrived in sight of Port Jackson, and a few days afterwards, the other two ships got safe into the harbour, after having, through the obstinacy of Captain Hamelin, the commander of the expedition, been for a considerable time in the greatest danger.

Our arrival at Port Jackson did not excite so much surprise amongst the colonists as might have been expected; but for ourselves, we were completely astonished at the flourishing state in which we found this singular and distant establishment. The beauty of the port at first attracted our whole attention. From an entrance, says Commodore Philip, (whose description is not

* Our readers may recollect, that this expedition was sent out by Bonaparte, soon after his assumption of the dignity of First Consul. It consisted of the ships named Le Geographe, Le Naturaliste, and Le Casuarina. They touched first at the Isle of France, and afterwards visited several other islands in the Indian ocean; but the grand object of the men of science, who accompanied it, seems to have been to ascertain the present state, and natural advantages of our colony of Botany Bay; of which they have given an ample, and interesting report.

in the least exaggerated) of not more than two miles across, Port Jackson gradually opens, 'till it forms a spacious harbour, with sufficient depth of water for the largest ships, and room enough to contain, in perfect safety, all that could on any occasion be collected. Even a thousand ships of the line might manœuvre here with ease. The bay takes a western direction, extends to the distance of thirteen miles inland, and has at least a hundred little creeks, formed by very narrow tongues of land, which afford excellent shelter against winds, from any point of the compass.

Towards the middle of this magnificent port, and on its southern bank, in one of the principal creeks, rises Sydney Town, the capital of the county of Cumberland, and of all the English colonies in this part of the world; seated at the base of two hills, that are contiguous to each other, and having the advantage of a rivulet, which runs completely through it, this infant town affords a view, at once agreeable and picturesque. To the right, and at the north point of Sydney Cove, you perceive the signal battery, which is built upon a rock, difficult of access; six pieces of cannon, protected by a turf entrenchment, cross their fire with that of another battery, which I shall presently mention; and thus defend, in the most effectual manner, the approach to the harbour and the town. Farther on appear the large buildings that form the hospital, and which are capable of containing two or three hundred sick. Amongst these buildings, there is one particularly worthy of notice, as all the parts of it were prepared in Europe, and brought out in Commodore Philip's squadron, so that in a few days after its arrival, there was an hospital ready to receive such of the crews as were sick. On the same side of the town, at the sea-shore, you observe a very fine magazine, to which the largest ships can come up, and discharge their cargoes. In the same direction are several private docks, in which are built brigs and cutters, of different sizes, for the purpose of trading either inland, or beyond the colony. These vessels, which are from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, are built entirely with the native wood; even their masts are obtained from the forests of the colony.

The discovery of the strait, which separates New Holland from Van Diemen's land, was made in a simple whale-sloop, commanded by Mr. Bass, the surgeon of the Reliance. This vessel may be said to have been consecrated to that great discovery, and hazardous navigation; for it is preserved in the harbour with a sort of religious veneration; some snuff-boxes have been made out of its keel, of which the possessors are both proud and jealous; and the governor himself thought he could not make a more acceptable present to our chief, than a piece of the wood of this sloop, enchased in a large silver tooth-

tooth-pick box, round which were engraved the principal particulars of the discovery of Bass's Straits.

It is at the spot called Hospital Creek that the ships of individuals unload their cargoes. Beyond the hospital, in the same line, is the prison, which has several dungeons, capable of holding from an hundred and fifty to two hundred prisoners; it is surrounded by a high and strong wall, and has a numerous guard on duty, both by day and night. A short distance from the prison is the store-house, for the reception of wines, spirituous liquors, salt provisions, &c. In the front of it is the armoury, where the garrison is drawn up every morning; accompanied by a numerous and well-composed band, belonging to the New South Wales regiment. The whole western part of this spot is occupied by the house of the lieutenant-governor-general; behind which is a vast garden, which is worth the attention both of the philosopher and the naturalist, on account of the great number of useful vegetables which are cultivated in it, and which have been procured from every part of the world, by its present respectable possessor, Mr. Paterson, a distinguished traveller, and member of the royal society of London. Between the house and the magazine, just mentioned, is the public school; here are educated in the principles of religion, morality, and virtue, those young females, who are the hope of the rising colony, but whose parents are either too degenerate, or too poor, to give them proper instruction. In the public school, however, under respectable matrons, they are taught, from their earliest years, all the duties of a good mother of a family. Such is one great advantage of the excellent colonial system, established in these distant regions.

Behind the house of the lieutenant-governor-general, in a large magazine, are deposited all the dried pulse and corn belonging to the state. It is a sort of public granary, intended for the support of the troops, and the people who receive their subsistence from the government. The barracks occupy a considerable square, and have in front several field pieces; the edifices, for the accommodation of the officers, form the lateral parts, or ends of the building; and the powder magazine is in the middle. Near this, in a small private house, the principal civil and military officers assemble. It is a sort of coffee-house, maintained by subscription, in which there are several amusements, but particularly billiards; at which any person may play, free of expence. Behind the armoury is a large square tower, which serves for an observatory to those English officers, who study astronomy; at the base of this tower, the foundation of a church has been laid, of which the building, just mentioned, is intended to form the steeple; but a structure of this kind, requiring considerable time, labour, and ex-

pence, the governors have hitherto neglected to carry it into execution; preferring the formation of such establishments, as are more immediately necessary for the preservation of the colony. While waiting, however, for the erection of a church, divine service is performed in one of the apartments of the great corn-magazine. Two fine wind-mills terminate on this side the series of the principal public edifices. Over the rivulet that intersects the town, there was a wooden bridge, which, together with a strong causeway, may be said to occupy all the bottom of the valley. We passed over this bridge, in order to take a rapid view of the eastern part of Sydney Town. Before our departure, the wooden bridge was destroyed, to make way for one which they were about to build of stone; at the same time a water-mill was built here by the government, and strong locks had been formed, either to keep in the water of the rivulet, or to stop that of the marshes, which runs to a considerable distance into the valley, and might be advantageously employed in turning the mill.

(To be continued.)

CONSCIENCE,

That makes Cowards—aye, and Heroes of us all.

[From No. 7, of the Friend, by Coleridge.]

A Truly good man, (the best and greatest public character that I had ever the opportunity of making myself acquainted with) on assuming the command of a man of war, found a mutinous crew, more than one half of them uneducated Irishmen, and of the remainder no small portion had become sailors by compromise of punishment. What terror could effect by severity and frequency of acts of discipline, had been already effected by severity, and what *was* this effect? Something like that of a polar winter on a cask of brandy; the furious spirit concentered itself with tenfold strength at the heart, open violence was changed into secret plots and conspiracies, and the consequent orderliness of the crew, as far as they were orderly, was but the brooding of a tempest. The new commander instantly commenced a system of discipline as near as possible to that of ordinary law—as much as possible, he avoided, in his own person, the appearance of any will or arbitrary power to vary or to remit punishment. The rules to be observed were affixed to a conspicuous part of the ship, with the particular penalties for the breach of each particular rule; and care was taken that every individual of the ship should

should know and understand this code. With a single exception in the case of mutinous behaviour, a space of twenty-four hours was appointed between the first charge and the second hearing of the cause, at which time the accused person was permitted and required to bring forward whatever he thought conducive to his defence or palliation. If, as was commonly the case, (for the officers well knew that the commander would seriously resent in *them* all caprice of will, and by no means permit to others what he denied to himself,) if no answer could be returned to the three questions—Did you not commit the act? Did you not know that it was in contempt of such a rule, and in defiance of such a punishment? And was it not wholly in your own power to have obeyed the one and avoided the other? The sentence was then passed with the greatest solemnity, and another but shorter space of time was again interposed between it and its actual execution. During this space the feelings of the commander as a man were so well blended with his inflexibility as the organ of the law; and how much he suffered previous to and during the execution of the sentence was so well known to the crew, that it became a common saying with them, when a sailor was about to be punished, "The captain takes it more to heart than the fellow himself." But whenever the commander perceived any trait of pride in the offender, or the germs of any noble feeling, he lost no opportunity of saying—"It is not the pain that you are about to suffer which grieves me! you are none of you, I trust, such cowards as to turn faint-hearted at the thought of *that!* but that, being a man, and one who is to fight for his king and country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a vicious beast, it is this that grieves me."

I have been assured, both by a gentleman who was a lieutenant on board that ship at the time when the heroism of its captain, aided by his characteristic calmness and foresight, greatly influenced the decision of the most glorious battle recorded in the annals of our naval glory, and very recently by a grey-headed sailor, who did not even know my name, or could have suspected that I was previously acquainted with the circumstances: I have been assured, I say, that the success of this plan was such as astonished the oldest officers, and convinced the most incredulous. Ruffians, who like the old buccaneers, had been used to inflict torture on themselves for sport, or in order to harden themselves before hand, were tamed and overpowered, how or why they themselves knew not. From the fiercest spirits were heard the most earnest entreaties for the forgiveness of their commander, not *before* the punishment, for it was too well known that then they would have been to no purpose, but days after it, when the bodily pain was remembered but as a dream. An *invisible* power it was that

quelled

quelled them; a power which was therefore irresistible, because it took away the very will of resisting. It was the awful power of law acting on natures pre-configured to its influences. A faculty was appealed to in the offender's own being; a faculty and a presence of which he had not been previously made aware--but it *answered* to the appeal! its real existence therefore could not be doubted, or its reply rendered inaudible! and the very struggle of the wilder passions to keep uppermost, counteracted its own purpose by wasting in internal contest that energy which before had acted in its entireness on external existence or provocation. Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and revengeful resolve; and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses. But who dares struggle with an *invisible* combatant? with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence; but *where* is it? we ask in vain. No space contains it—time promises no controul over it—it has no ear for my threats—it has no substance that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable—it commands and cannot be commanded—it acts and is insusceptible of my re-action—the more I strive to subdue it, the more am I compelled to think of it—and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality out of myself, and not to be a phantom of my own imagination; that all but the most abandoned men acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that *for me* its power is the same with that of my own permanent self, and that all the choice which is permitted to me consists in having it for my guardian angel or my avenging fiend! This is the spirit of law, the lute of Amphion, the harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity, which compels man into the social state, now and always by a still beginning, never ceasing force of moral cohesion.

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 828.)

THE reader is already apprized of the journey which Philip de Lancaster undertook, with the alledged view of obtaining an asylum for his wife in a climate milder than that of England,

England, and also that her death, which followed shortly after, rendered his scheme perfectly useless. His journey to Lisbon was unaccompanied with any incidents worth relating, and soon after his arrival the news of his wife's death reached him. An artful widow, of the name of Ap Owen, of very indifferent character, having formed a plot to entrap Philip de Lancaster into a hasty and imprudent marriage, and the news of it being conveyed to Kray Castle, it was resolved that John de Lancaster should pay his father a visit at Lisbon, and endeavour to prevent so disgraceful a connection, and John accordingly, accompanied by several of his friends, arrived at that place. The situation in which he found his father was altogether unexpected. In consequence of his refusing to marry the widow Ap Owen, Sir David Ap Owen, her son, sent him a challenge, which Philip de Lancaster declined to accept. The two parties, however, afterwards met, and the base Sir David, without giving him time to stand on the defensive, thrust him through the body with a sword, of which wound he died, though not 'till after the arrival of his son. Philip de Lancaster lived just long enough to tell his son the dismal tale. The infamous Sir David Ap Owen poisoned himself, and by so doing prevented his becoming the victim of public justice.

As soon as decency permitted, John de Lancaster and his friends took their departure for England, where they arrived in due time without any material accident. The interviews between our hero and Amelia were now frequent, and it was no longer necessary much longer to delay their union; in one of their meetings he thus stated to her his views and future plan of life:—

"My dear Amelia, we must seek for other honours, than decoration can give us; we must find out better uses for the affluence we are entrusted with, than gems and equipage, and splendid galas. If you and I decide upon a country life, we will not let our tranquillity degenerate into indolence, nor ever suffer these superfluities, which we have no present call for, to accumulate for those who may chance to come after us to inherit, and, perhaps, to misapply them. No, we will consider prosperity as a loan, and administer our abundance as the almoners of providence, and stewards for the uses of our fellow-creatures, whose privations and distresses shall have claims upon that, which is not given as a monopoly to be devoured by one, but as a resource against the wants of many. By this conduct I may atone for not devoting my life, as well as my fortune, to the service of my country; and you may walk forth amongst your poor dependent pensioners, brighter and more splendid in the lustre of your charities than if I hung you round with all the jewels of the lady of Loretto. Let us live hospitably, becomingly, liberally, after the example of my grandfather;

but don't let us make an undistinguishing waste either by our domestic style of living, or by wanton largesses to any who may not deserve as well as need relief. We will support the industrious, who struggle against hard fortune, and the helpless, who would else sink under it; but we will not confound the lazy drone with the laborious bee. And now, beloved of my soul, as I have occupied you with a long homily, and wearied you with a long walk, here is a baiting place to repose in; sit down with me upon this shady bench, and let me read my answer in those heavenly eyes."

"Oh, my dear Sir," replied the fond and happy Amelia, "your just and generous sentiments instruct and charm me. Convinced that by the practice of these virtues you will ensure all that my heart can wish, all that my prayers can ask of Heaven, you give me that supreme delight, which only can be felt, but not described. What can I say to you? What other answer can you look for from your devoted, your betrothed Amelia, but that I am entirely your's? Is it enough to tell you, that I love you, that my whole happiness depends upon you? No; I am not quite convinced, but that the impression, which at our first interview you left so deeply fixed in this poor hopeless heart, would have compelled me to have loved you still, though you had treated me with marked neglect; nay, though you had neglected your own self, and fallen off from that high character in which I now behold you and admire. I felt as if I could have forgiven you every thing; and when you left me for so long a time without a word to soften my despair, I feared indeed that you was lost for ever, but I did not suspect you to be cruel. I knew you was offended with Mrs. Jennings, but I was sorry to find your resentment could be so lasting, and that you would take no pains to acquit me, who was innocent, and set my mind at rest. Morning and night I mused upon the words I heard you utter, when, looking on the portrait of my father, you pledged protection to the orphan who then lived, as she still does, upon the bounty of your family. Is this the man (I said within myself,) who threw his arms about me, and pressed me with such rapture to his heart? Was there no meaning in that fond embrace? Did it sink only into my sad heart? Alas, I hoped that his had felt it too. Thus I tormented my poor wretched self, 'till now, behold! I am sitting by your side—Nay, hear me out! I have not told one half."

The expostulation was not out of place, for by some means or other, (what I know not) our heroine was defrauded of her right to tell the other half; and whether it was ever told, or not, I hope is no great object to the reader; for, upon the word and honour of a novelist, I have no authority that can decide the question.

The good old Morgan kept a gay heart, and the gout at a distance. Whilst he was for ever laying out a character for himself, which every action of his life contradicted, no persuasion could divert him from ordering new carriages to be built and fine horses to be bought in town for the purpose of setting out his grandson with a splendid equipage, that he had no wish for. He bustled over in prodigious haste to Glen Morgan, as soon as ever the day was named for the wedding, and gave directions that open house should be kept for three days after that event took place, and free allowance without stint to all drunken idlers, that chose to lend a hand to the draining of his cellars.

When his brother in law gravely took him to task, and remonstrated against these lawless proceedings, as tending to produce nothing but riot and disorder, he stuck boldly to his text, and would not waver; contending that it was fit and right the tillers of the soil should enjoy the produce of the soil, and if they quarrelled over their cups, they might fight it out over their cups for what he cared; a few broken heads would set all to rights; and as for riots and disturbances, if the county could not keep its own peace, he hoped he was not bound to keep it for them.

In the mean time he was not wholly inattentive to his own person, but found a half-crazed chattering Denbigh tailor to fit him out with a flaming suit, laced down the seams, like the jacket of a drum-major; and at the same time providing himself with a most tremendous periwig, and long cravat of Brussels lace. He was with difficulty prevented from heaping tawdry ornaments and trinkets upon Amelia, that would totally have destroyed all those charms, which the elegant simplicity of her own taste knew so much better how to set off and recommend. But the Jew Lyons exhibited a glittering showbox, and having trapped him into the purchase of the French watch, that he bestowed upon Amelia, knew the value of so good a customer.

Cecilia de Lancaster was the presiding spirit, that kept all things straight and steady in their course; at her command they moved, by her discretion they were governed and directed. Under her controul joy was not suffered to run riot, and the vagaries of old Morgan were kept within bounds; to any other authority but her's he paid no regard, and had a way of parrying the railleries of Wilson, and the remonstrances of De Lancaster.

That venerable and worthy personage preserved a dignified tranquillity. A smile sate upon his countenance, and his eyes brightened when he turned them on Amelia and his grandson. He caused a considerable length of parchment to be added to his roll of pedigree, for the purpose of leaving space for the

future descendants from John De Lancaster and Amelia Jones. He put old David upon composing an epithalamium, which when written down as he dictated, proved to be of very considerable length. Neither was his own genius unemployed, for he composed, and was at the pains of writing with his own hand, a set of maxims, which he entitled, "Rules for domestic Happiness in the married State." They consisted chiefly of truisms, which he was at the pains of proving; and of errors so obvious, that examination could not make them clearer. He pointed out so many ways, by which man and wife must render each other miserable, that he seemed to have forgot that the purport of his rules was to make them happy. So little was this learned work adapted to the object held out in the title, that, if it had been pasted up for general use on the door of a church, it may be doubted if any, who had read it, would have entered there to be married.

He delivered it, however, with much solemnity, to his grandson, saying to him—

"Here is a proof, my dear John, how seriously my thoughts have been employed for your instruction; govern yourself by these rules, and you will be happy."

"If I govern myself by your example," John made answer, "I shall have no need of rules."

On the evening preceding the wedding-day, John drew Amelia aside, and conducting her to the private chamber, which he made his study, produced a case, which he said contained the family jewels of the De Lancasters and Morgans, newly set—

"I have added nothing to them," he said, for I am fully conscious they can add nothing to you; it is fit however that you should have them, and wear them, when you see occasion; our friends seem to wish it, and our fortune fully warrants it. When I shall put this plain good ring upon your finger to-morrow, and confirm it as the symbol of our union with an oath before the altar, trifles like these jewels will have no further value, as the test of my affection—that is made secure to you, not only by the graces of your person, which ornaments cannot improve, but also by the virtues of your mind, which time cannot impair."

On SUICIDE.

[From Nubilia in Search of a Husband.]

"DO you then think suicide a crime?" asked Sir William Stanley.

"Without

"Without referring to religion," answered Mr. Vaughan, "I will answer your question by another. Is there any man, so insulated from his fellow creatures, as to be wholly unconnected with them in any respect whatsoever? If such a contradiction could exist, self-murder might admit of palliation perhaps. But as this contradiction cannot exist, as every man is connected with other human beings in some relation or other, as he has duties to perform, and as his neglect of those duties would not be a virtue, it is impossible that it can be otherwise than a crime, to do that which renders this neglect inevitable and eternal. If too there is a general chain of being, and every man, when he is born into the world, is born into it for the performance of certain actions, necessary, it may be, to the universal system of existence, how can he snap that chain asunder without being criminal? The disorder which may be occasioned in the plan of creation by the premature destruction of one of its parts, may be great, though not known to us, because a finite intellect cannot comprehend an infinite design; and the miseries which we endure may be a necessary part of the whole. No one, in my opinion, can defend self-murder, who admits the existence of a Deity and his attributes. Human wisdom, as derived from human actions, will serve us here. We admit that the Almighty has placed us in this world for purposes, of which part is known to us and part is concealed. It is allowed that we are his creatures; and it is known that he has assigned a particular limitation, an appointed period, in which we shall be called away from the discharge of those functions which are allotted to us here. This period is natural death, as arising from physical or other causes, produced by God. Let us now imagine that a man hires a servant to do certain work, and that a contract is entered into between the master and this servant, that a certain time shall elapse before the latter shall be at liberty to renounce his office ——"

"Aye," interrupted Mr. Thomson, "but the case is not in point. There is no contract between man and the Almighty."

"There certainly is a virtual contract," replied Mr. Vaughan, "between the creator and the created, and a contract of far greater obligation and of higher import, than any that can take place between man and man. The efficacy of this contract is admitted as often as we admit the attributes of God; and he who does not admit these attributes has no right to be considered as a rational being. The case, therefore, as I stated it, though 'comparing great things with small,' appears to me to be sufficiently analagous for my purpose. The company, I dare say, can anticipate what will be my application. It will not surely be said that this servant, having made this contract,

has a right to abrogate it by his own act; for, to a condition which is established by two persons, it is requisite that the same two (or some other two invested with adequate powers by the original parties) should concur to its repeal. It is evident also, that much inconvenience, and perhaps injury, would result to the master by the desertion of the servant."

"But you forget," replied Mr. Thomson, "that the servant may consider ill treatment as a sufficient plea for annulling the contract."

"By that you mean to insinuate that the misfortunes of life, as proceeding from the author of all are analagous to ill treatment from the master to the servant. But here the comparison will not hold. Actions between man and man are known to be good or bad by their immediate effects. If one man strike another and fracture a limb, or if he deprives him of food, of clothing, or abridges him in any of his comforts, such actions are acknowledged and felt to be wrong, because they are injurious, and because we have no reason to expect ultimate benefit, or to attribute, to the perpetrator, other motives than such as are bad. But in all that proceeds from God, we may without offence to reason, and we ought, in the conviction of our own ignorance, to believe that perfect wisdom and justice are the motives; that nothing can be wrong in reference to him, and that, consequently, none of his dispensations can be considered as a justification of our destroying that tacit covenant which we enter into. These reasonings, which have for their foundation no other basis than that of nature, have, I confess, always appeared to me sufficiently cogent to overthrow the flimsy sophistry which some have urged in support of the propriety of suicide. But, beyond these, there is a positive inhibition from the mouth of God himself; at least I shall always think so, 'till I can be convinced that the fifth commandment of the decalogue is meant to apply only to the destruction of others; and, were I tempted to commit so mad and guilty a deed, I hope I should rather exclaim with Shakespeare—

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand."

"I am wholly of your opinion," replied my uncle, "and I have always considered suicide as an act which is warranted neither by nature nor by religion."

"It is a favourite doctrine with its abettors," said Mr. Vaughan, "to consider life as an intended blessing, and as a state into which they have been forced. They then argue, that if the blessing be withdrawn, and if that state into which they have been forced be rendered insupportable from calamity, there

there is no reason why they should continue it. But there is so much impiety in this, that it deserves no refutation."

"Nay," added Captain Torrington, "they even go so far as to maintain that providence never meant his creatures to be unhappy; and that, when they become so, it is an acceptable act to the Deity to avoid it by voluntary death."

"That," said my uncle, "arises from a very common fallacy. Men are apt to regard only single attributes of the Almighty. They consider his mercy, but forget his justice; and infinite mercy, they think, cannot cause misery."

"And they think rightly," rejoined Mr. Thomson, in a triumphant tone.

"The perversions of our reason are so numerous," said Mr. Vaughan, "and so easy, that when a man is resolved to cavil, what is there that cannot be disputed? The plainest duties of life may be obscured by misrepresentation. But he who seeks for truth with a mind willing to find it, and a heart humble enough to hear its voice, will never seek in vain. The pride of reason is a fruitful source of error, inconsistency, and guilt. I pity those, whose minds are like a sieve, that lets through the grains of gold, and keeps only the chaff. And there is nothing more easy than this sort of opposition to truth; for

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below."

CHARACTER *of* COUNSELLOR GARROW.

[As given in Letters from an Irish Student in England, to his Father in Ireland, published this Year.]

IF Mr. Garrow, one of the principal advocates at the Old Bailey, were to dare to address the solicitors of our court as he does those in his own, he would convert his body into a target. This gentleman is the principal advocate. His voice is clear and silvery, and occasionally he is very eloquent. He is most celebrated for his talent for cross-examining witnesses, which he does with great dexterity; but his principal engines are an undaunted front, and a thorough contempt for the feelings of those who are placed under his lash. When I have seen a modest and respectable person, who has delivered his evidence clearly and conscientiously, forced into confusion, if not ensnared into contradiction, by the tricks and terrors of this advocate, I have blushed for my own profession, and reflected, that though the torture is abolished, a still more cruel and erring process for discovering the truth continues. I have been so dis-

disgusted with this man, that I am resolved, whatever may be the fate of my practice, I will never adopt the system he pursues; indeed, as you know, if I were, I am sure my life would not be worth one day's purchase in my own country. I am told that he has been challenged two or three times by persons whom he has treated in this manner in public, and that he has always placed himself under the broad shield of the court.

I laughed heartily the other day, at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English serjeant at law, celebrated for bullying and brow-beating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporal pain of a good flogging. He had, it appears, on the western circuit, most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in the course of a cross-examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horse-whip in his hand, and requested of the clerk to see his master, alledging that he had business of great importance with him. The clerk shewed the gentleman into his bed-room, where he lay fast asleep, and upon his awaking was addressed by his visitor as follows:—"Sir, I am the person whom you so scandalously treated yesterday, in court, without any reason, and I am come personally to chastise you with this horse-whip, for your insolence." "Are you, indeed," replied the barrister; "but surely you will not strike a man in bed." "No, Sir, I pledge my honour not to do that," said the gentleman. "Then, by G—d," exclaimed the serjeant, "I will lie here 'till doomsday." The humour of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman, and bursting into a fit of laughing, he said, "There, Sir, you may lie as long as you like; I will not molest you this time; but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, to the derision of a court of justice;" and left the man of law to console himself.

Mr. Garrow commenced his legal career at the Old-Bailey; and the practice of that bar is said to impart to its pleader a considerable vulgarity of style, and to render him very much a *fier-a-bras*.

Anecdotes of Edward III. the Battles of Cressy, Agincourt; Henry V. &c.

WHEN the war commenced between Philip le Bel and the earl of Flanders, Edward III. wished to serve the Flemings. Being in bed with the queen, his wife, Philip's sister, he affected to sigh deeply. The queen asked him the reason. "It is," said he, "because the king, your brother, is betrayed,

betrayed, and through treachery will soon be in the hands of his enemies; but it is a secret which I confide to you." The queen got up very early in the morning, and wrote what she had heard to her brother. The affrighted prince immediately broke up his camp, leaving behind him all his tents and baggage. —Chronique de Gilles Le Muisit, M.S. 14 cent.

This chronicler ascribes the defeat of the French at Cressy, to the small resistance made by the Genoese cross-bow men. They had left their armour among the baggage, and so could not sustain the discharge of the English archers. He makes the loss of the French only five thousand infantry, and seven hundred men at arms, or heavy-armed cavalry. The famous story of the six burghers of Calais appears by our author, a contemporary writer, to be a fiction. Froissart is the only writer of the day who mentions it, and he wrote long after the event.

Amelgarde, a priest of Liege, in his Manuscript Chronicle, c. 7. f. 6, ascribes the success of Henry V. to the prevalence of an unnatural crime among the French, and divine justice.

He says, that at the battle of Agincourt, the French were four times more numerous than the English. He adds, but without authority, that Henry, before resolving to try the issue of war, offered the restitution of Calais, and a large sum of money; and says, that at the instant the action was going to commence, Henry harangued his troops in these words:—

"Dear and brave companions, the hour is come when you must fight, not for glory and renown, but for life. The presumption and cruelty of the French are known; it is certain, that if by fear and cowardice you suffer yourselves to be conquered, they will not spare one of you, but devour you like a flock of sheep. This bad fortune will not be mine, nor that of the princes of my family, because, under the hopes of drawing from us a heavy ransom, the enemy will be much more careful to preserve than to destroy us. But for you there is no resource, but in your courage; and you cannot flatter yourselves, that the hope of profit will induce to spare your lives a nation which bears you the most inveterate hatred. If then you prefer life to death, recollect, like heroes, the race from which you spring, the glory and the renown which the English have acquired in war, and fight like valiant and courageous men, for the preservation of your lives."

The writer of this has not the opportunity of comparing Thomas de Elmham with the above; but the reader will, no doubt, be amused by contrasting it with the celebrated speech of Shakespeare.

BLACK BEETLES.

THE following is not only a certain method of destroying black beetles, but one which is neither attended with much trouble or expence :—

Strew the kitchen and other places frequented by them with common red wafers, which they eat with great avidity, and which, from the lead they contain, will, in a short time, destroy them all. This must be done every night, just before the family retires to bed, and repeated 'till no more beetles remain. A quarter of a pound of wafers is, in general, sufficient to complete their destruction. Care should be taken to remove every article of food out of their way.

NATURAL DAUGHTER *of* JAMES II.

A natural daughter of King James II. was convicted of *friends'* principles, and imprisoned for the same, with Thomas Ellwood, &c. Upon her being engaged to a young man for marriage, and the day fixed, as they were on the road, the coach overturned, and her intended husband was killed, and his brother broke his leg; she staid in London, and nursed the young man 'till recovered, when, assuming some habit of disguise, she travelled on foot to the Isle of Ely, and enquiring at some *friend's* house for employment, the master asked her, "What she could do?" She answered, "She was willing to put her hand to any thing." He then said, "Canst thou reap?" She replied, "She could hardly tell; but if he pleased she would try." So he sent her into the field, and before evening she discovered herself to be so great a proficient at reaping, as to be called "queen of the reapers." She constantly attended the adjacent meeting; and observing a rock hard by, she either put up with a natural cave in the rock, or had a cell made therein, where she lived quite recluse, spinning for her employment. She told Sarah Taylor, that she "enjoyed such contentment and peace, that she would not leave her cell and spinning-wheel to be queen of England." She had been at most of the European courts, particularly the Hanoverian and Prussian; and the pretender being her supposed brother, she once travelled by chaise into Scotland to see him.

REFLECTION.

TO preserve the tranquillity of the human mind there is nothing more necessary than a maintenance of its independence, and an avoidance of any mean act.

REMARKABLE SUSCEPTIBILITY IN SLEEP.

THE late ingenious Dr. Beattie speaks of a gentleman whose imagination was so easily affected in sleep by impressions made on the external senses, that his companions could suggest anything to it by gently whispering in his ear; and says they once made him go through the whole procedure of a duel, 'till he was wakened by the report of a pistol. This was indeed a most remarkable circumstance.

THE OSSIFIED MAN.

JOHN CLARK, called the ossified man, was a native of the city of Cork. Early in life his joints stiffened, his locomotive powers were lost, and his very jaws grew together, so that it became necessary for his sustenance to pour liquids into his mouth by means of a hole perforated through his teeth. He lived in this state several years, leaning against a wall, 'till at length the very organs of life were converted into bone. His skeleton is preserved in Trinity-college, Dublin.

FRENCH BURR-STONES.

AS many persons may be unacquainted with the uses to which burr-stones are applicable, it may not be wholly useless to inform them, that they are the materials of which mill-s ones are formed for grinding wheat. These are obtained from France exclusively, as no stone has yet been discovered in this island with which wheat can be ground well, although a large premium has for many years been offered by the society of arts for the discovery. Formerly blue stones from Spain were used for grinding wheat. These stones appear to be of volcanic origin, are extremely hard, are quite honey-combed on the surface, with numerous small cavities, and when struck are almost as sonorous as metal. The Spanish stones are in one solid piece, and by some old millers are yet in use; but the superiority of French burrs is now so generally admitted, that they are almost the only stones in use.

The mill-stones made from French burrs are composed of a very considerable number of small pieces, curiously united, and forming altogether a large mass, which, to the eye of the common observer, appears to be one solid stone. Circular iron plates in the shape of mill-stones, have repeatedly been tried, but nothing yet discovered comes near the perfection in grinding obtained by the French stones.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to R. Loosemore's Enigma, inserted the 28th of August.

YON aged man, with silv'ry locks and BEARD,
Ought by the thoughtless youth to be rever'd.

☞ A similar answer has been received from J. W. of Charmouth.

Answer, by J. G. Junior, of Ottery St. Mary, to S. Duck's Charade, inserted September 4.

AMONG the flowers that early bloom
The PRIMROSE yields a rich perfume.

⁂ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; H. B. of Bridgewater; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

Answer, by L. N. to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted September 4.

WHEN night, with all the shadows in her train,
Throws her black mantle o'er the wide domain,
The LANTHORN oft dispels the murky gloom,
And lends its aid to guide the traveller home.

⁂ Similar answers have been received from Claudius, of Yeovil; H. B. of Bridgewater; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. C. jun. of Ottery; J. W. of Charmouth; T. Byrt, of Shepton Mallet; J. Kerby, of Helston; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; W. Kent, near Camelford; a youth of Mevagissey; Caroline Caines, of Lions-gate; C. Caines, at Cerne school; R. Withall, of Plymouth; G. H Bynon; J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; W. Brewer, of Taunton; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A CHARADE, *by Un Ami.*

MY first, if you look, is in every book,
Some gentlemen keep them alive
My next is a creasure very thrifty by nature,
And sagacious also to contrive:
My whole to describe, and not be too nice,
Suffice it to say is a pompous device.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

OH Thou Supreme! from whom all blessings flow,
To whom mankind their whole existence owe,
Vouchsafe to hear an humble suppliant's pray'r,
And Oh protect my first with thy peculiar care!
In eastern climes, as ancient records tell,
In days of old my learned next did dwell.
May dove-ey'd peace, with all her smiling train,
Soon o'er my last vouchsafe once more to reign!
Whilst bounteous plenty, with a lib'ral hand,
Scatters luxuriance throughout all the land.
My whole absorbs the bard in thought profound,
And as the taper spreads its glimm'ring round,
In fancy's maze he soars to realms above,
Where heav'nly seraphs dwell in everlasting love.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HOPE: AN ODE.

YE who are doom'd to mourn your fate,
Confin'd within some dreary cell,
To linger out life's narrow date,
The charms of smiling hope can tell;
Whose rays divine
On captives shine,
And cheer affliction's lurid hour;
Yields kind relief,
To heal the grief
Of those who feel a tyrant's power.

O'er all mankind throughout the globe,
From monarchs to the meanest wight,
Seraphic hope distends her robe,
And spreads around her cheering light.
When clouds arise,
And gloomy skies
The beauties of the sun deform,
Hope ever cheers
The seaman's fears,
Amidst the raging of the storm.

Should fickle fortune prove unkind,
Or cares corrode the tender heart,
Or grievous ills depress the mind,
Enchanting hope can sooth the smart.
The love-sick swain
In Cupid's chain
Alas! with golden fetters bound,
With joyous heart
Can well impart
What comfort may in hope be found.

Oh then sweet hope! vouchsafe to cheer
My throbbing heart when cares oppress,
Dispel the gloom of dark despair,
And hush my sorrows into rest.
Sweet soothing friend,
My steps attend,
Since thou canst make my grief subside;
Amidst the strife
Of human life
Oh ever be my constant guide!

Tiverton. R. LOOSEMORE.

Lines written on visiting Mount Edgcumbe, after an Absence of several Years from Plymouth-Dock.

HAIL to thy scenes elysian! Thou, or dress'd
In spring's light hues, or clad in summer's pomp,

Or

Or brown'd as sinks the year, amid the stern,
The foliage-shaking autumn, pleasest still.
Oft 'midst thy thought awak'ning groves I've stray'd,
And mus'd the hour away, while oft the burst
Of prospect unexpected check'd the wing
Of meditation, and the vacant eye
Recall'd, to witness how the hand profuse
Of nature, all the rural and sublime
Combin'd in thee: the swelling, wood-cloth'd hill;
The sweeping lawn; the turret-crowned dome;
The graceful avenue; the murm'ring beach,
With ocean's spoils bestrew'd; the blue profound
That far away th' Atlantic spreads; the line
Immense of foam-tipp'd cliffs, and hazy seen
The Lizard, shaking from his rock-ribb'd sides
The billowy war; the harbour's bosom, fill'd
With navies destin'd, in some future hour,
Again to scourge the Gaul; the gallant ships
That roam the waste of waters, and defy
The hoary solitude; the friendly bay,
And promontories bold, and fort-crown'd hills,
And smiling towns, and villages dispers'd,
And many a distant scene, where nature spreads
Her softest beauties on the peasant's eye.
Fair spot! and lov'd, tho' yet unknown to song,
Some bard the muse shall yet inspire, may pour
Th' enthusiastic lay; some Dyer may rise
To consecrate thy living landscapes all,
Explore thy beauties, every prospect scan,
Thy rural and romantic paint, and hand
(In some enraptur'd and delightful strain)
To lasting fame the poet and his theme!

MUSIC.

SMOOTH seems my rugged journey to the tomb
When heavenly music charms me; it has power,
When o'er my soul the storms of sorrow low'r,
To shoot a noon-day radiance thro' the gloom.

But most the plaintive sooths me. Sprightly airs,
That fire the festive dancer, chear not me;
To one inur'd to life's oppressive cares,
Ill suits the mirthful melody of glee.

Oh give me melting measures! such as flow
From hosts angelic, when the spirit flies
Emancipate, from this dull scene of woe,
Back to its native region in the skies;
Where, round the throne, adoring myriads throng,
And strike their golden harps, and tune their choral song!

PAT AND THE TRAVELLER.

A Traveller one day chanc'd to meet Brother Pat,
"Come tell me, I pray, whose fine mansion is that?"
"Arrah, honey", says Paddy, while scratching his head,
One Patrick Fitzgibbon lives there, but he's dead!"
The traveller, good soul, said to Pat, as he sigh'd,
"I pray thee how long since the owner has died?"
"Oh!" your honour, says Pat, in very great sorrow,
"He'd be just three weeks dead had he liv'd 'till to-morrow!